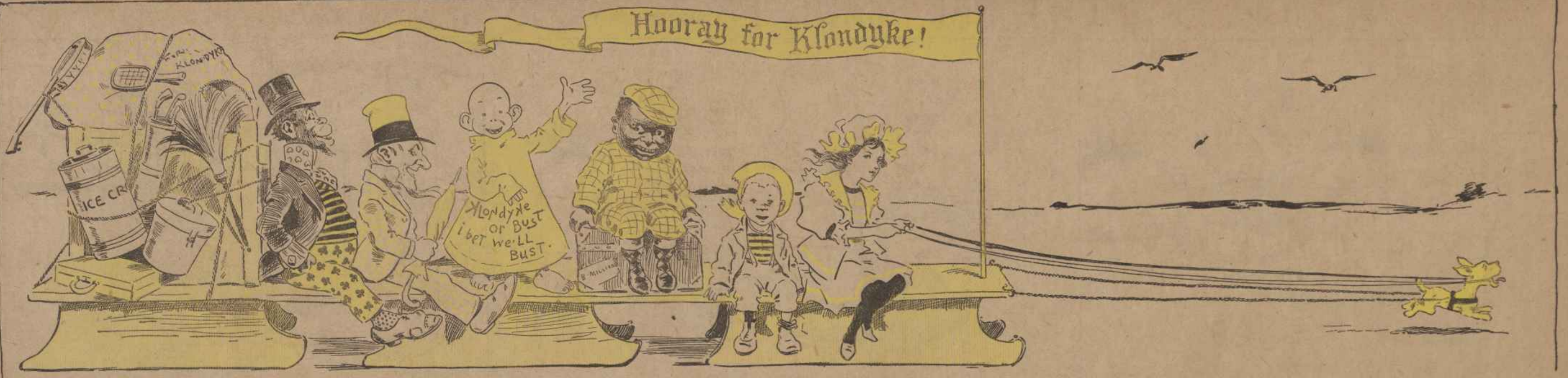


## Hooray for Klondyke!



## THE NEW WOMAN IN THE KLONDYKE.



1. CHILKOOT BILL—Dat gang says dey wont take no guide except it's a woman. All d' same, I'm gaw'n t' foller 'em.

## One Blessing.

LANKS (the petulant boarder)—Klondyke! Klondyke! That's all we hear at the table, morning, noon and night!

TUBMAN (the grim boarder)—Oh, well, it's not as bad as it might be. It has shut off that confounded bicycle talk for a while, at least.

## His Suffering.

MRS. FLINT (sceptically)—Poo! You a Klondyke sufferer? Why, I don't believe you have ever been there at all.

SOILED SPOONER (at the door)—No, mum, an' it hurts me feel'n's terribly to t'ink dat I can't git de money to go.

## A PARTING SHOT.



BOARDING HOUSE MISTRESS—Goodness! All of you going to that terrible place Klondyke! Why, you will STARVE TO DEATH!

CHORUS OF BOARDERS—Oh, we are used to going without food.

## His Avocation.

FARMER FLINTROCK (severely)—Aint you ashamed of yourself—you big, husky vagabond—to go laz'ing up and down the country and never doin' anything that looks like work?

RAGGED HAGGARD—(with dignity)—Me! Ashamed of myself? I'm a philanthropist, I am! I'm devotin' all my time to de noble work of warnin' poor, deluded folks not to go to Klondyke without dey've got \$500 apiece to buy deir outfits wid!

## A New Danger.

LITTLE ELMER DUNK (rushing in)—Oh, ma, there is a ragged old man out by the gate who says he is a Klondyke sufferer! Shall I let the dog loose?

MRS. DUNK—No, indeed! They eat dogs up there, and your father paid ten dollars for Watch.

## Big Game.

STADHOMER—I understand that there is plenty of big game up in Alaska.

RETURNED KLONDYKER—Yep, specially bear, moose, poker, keno, and faro.

## A Variety of Money.

"I understand that your husband returned from Klondyke last night, Mrs. Jurnigan," said the inquisitive villager. "Is he about the house now? I'd like to have a little talk with him regarding that region."

"I am sorry, Mr. Askington," replied the good woman, "but I am afraid you can't see him now. He is in bed upstairs, suffering from what the doctor calls nervous—er—er—prosperity, I believe it was."

"That's too bad, Mrs. Jurnigan! By the way, the report is in circulation that he brought all kinds of money home with him. Is that true?"

"Well, I don't know that he brought all kinds of money, Mr. Askington, but he certainly brought several kinds. He fetched back two copper cents, a Chinese coin that he had used for a lucky piece, a Confederate bill which he had taken along to swap to the Indians, a few pieces of Esquimaux shell money, a bit of wampum, a lead nickel, and a poker chip. If he hasn't brought home all kinds of money, he has certainly returned with quite a variety."

## His Identity.

"One day," said the returned Klondyke millionaire, "we found a poor fellow with a high, bulging brow, dead in the snow and frozen as stiff as a crowbar. The body was terribly emaciated from lack of food, and there were no papers or any other articles on his person to indicate his identity."

"His pockets did not contain a cent of money, but in them we found a description of a \$10,000 Summer cot, a recipe for making ice-cream soda, a formula for curing gout, a newspaper clipping warning its readers against a dangerous counterfeit hundred-dollar bill, a description of an ancient Roman banquet, full directions for raising orchids, an advertisement of a Florida orange grove, a clipping describing a plutocrat's steam yacht, another about the management of a thoroughbred racing stable, a small pocket map of Samoa, a price list of rare coins, instructions for detecting flaws in diamonds, a solemn warning against habitual over-eating, advice on wooing and winning a wealthy and beautiful young widow, and directions for the cure of a sunstroke. There was absolutely nothing on the body to show who or what he might have been, so we decided to call him an optimist, and let it go at that."

## HARD LUCK.



The reason that Mr. Phat thought it was best to return to New York was that he couldn't get through Chilkoot Pass.

## Too Much Variety.

"I guess the old saying is true that variety is the spice of life," remarked Farmer Rakestraw looking up from his reading, "but it kinder strikes me that there is a little more of that kind of spice than is just exactly palatable in the newspaper reports from the Klondyke gold field."

"I have been reading that there is little or no vacant mining land left there, and that there are plenty of rich claims for all comers; statements that the reports of the fabulous finds are grossly exaggerated, and that the half has not yet been told of the riches of that new El Dorado; that crime and violence are rampant there, and that the people are open-handed, law-abiding and hospitable; that the Winters are prolonged stretches of almost unbearable cold interspersed with terrible blizzards which only the strongest and hardiest can hope to survive, and that the climate, though cold, is extremely healthful, and that when one gets used to it the exceedingly low temperature is felt hardly more than a much milder degree of cold would be; that only one man in a thousand can justly hope to win a fortune there even at the risk and probable sacrifice of his health, and that after passing through the clear, pure cold of the Winter the gold-seeker emerges in the Spring fatter and healthier than at the beginning of the Winter, ready to pick up the golden wealth which is his for the taking."

"I like variety in my newspaper reading, as a general thing, but I'll have to confess that the Klondyke information that I have been acquiring of late is just a little too spicy for my taste."

## 2. THE LEADER—Help! Help! Help!



## A Better Name.

BUNTING—New-comers in mining districts are called tenderfeet, I believe.

LARKIN—Except in the Klondyke region.

BUNTING—What are they there?

LARKIN—Coldfeet.

## Aptly Named.

BROWNE—Some philosopher once said that six things are requisite to create a happy home. Now, I can readily see that one of the six is a good cook, but what are the other five?

TOWNE—Money.



3. CHILKOOT BILL—Yessum, five hundred plunks sounds big fer guidin' ye t' d' diggin's, but d' road is full uv ferocious brutes like wot yer just seen.

## Better Than Gold.

NEW COMER (in Klondyke)—That fellow over there looks as if he had struck it rich. I suppose he's working some rich "placer."

MINER—Placer nothing. That's Freezin, the ice magnate. He's got a monopoly on all the ice up here, and he's shipping it down to the States. He has cleared a million already.

## He Had Been Well Fixed.

"Oh, Mr. Cumback," eagerly asked the credulous lad who had been listening open mouthed to the returned Klondyker's astonishing yarns of the rigors of an Arctic Winter, "did you ever have any of your toes frozen off?"

"Hundreds of 'em, my boy!" replied the truthful man; "hundreds of 'em!"

## They Never Come Back.

HOON—Old Flintrock has at last found a way to obtain relief from his poor relatives.

MRS. HOON—How so?

HOON—He gives each of them a small stake and starts them for Klondyke.

## His Point of View.

NORTHERN DRUMMER (in Kentucky store)—I see by the newspapers that the shippers of supplies into the Klondyke country appear to be taking in about ten barrels of whiskey to one box of crackers.

COL. CORKRIGHT—(in astonishment)—Gad, suh, what do they want of so many crackkuhs?

## His Long Head.

TELLER—I see that Senator Sugarly says in a newspaper interview that he knows a way to make money easier than by rushing off to the snow-covered wilds of Klondyke.

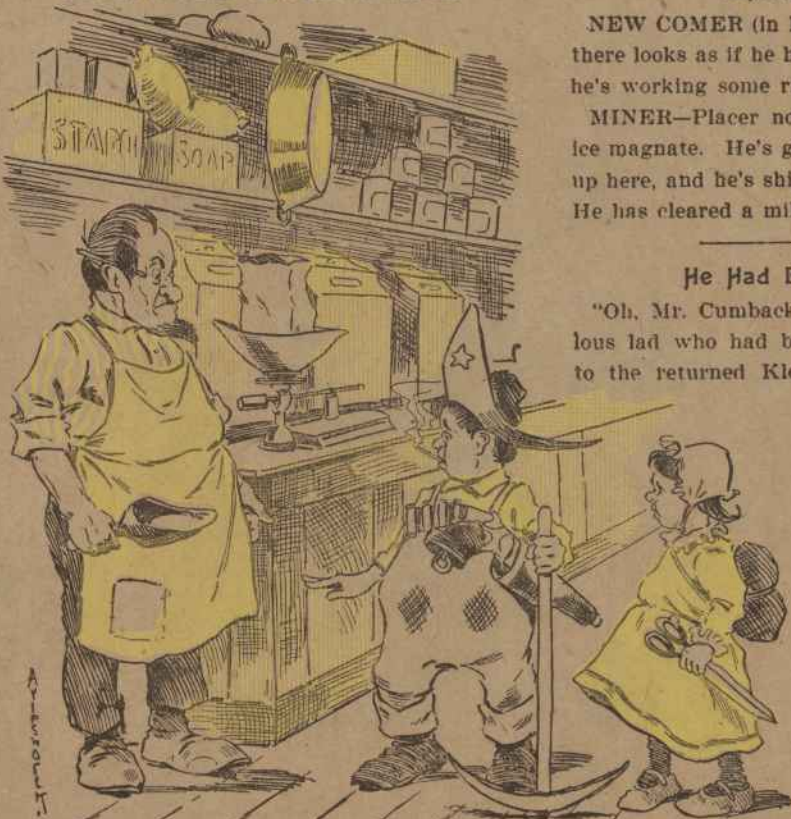
GRIMSHAW—Sure! But we cannot all of us be in the Senate.

## Poor Adam.

EVE—Do you ever miss me, Adam?

A D A M—Of course I do; I'm one rib shy

## YOUTHFUL ENTERPRISE.



EMPLOYER—What made you so late, sir?

BOY—Oh, I'm going to Klondyke, I may buy you out when I come back. Me sister is goin' wid me to make Mother Hubbards at five dollars each.

## ONE WHO WILL NOT GO KLONDYKING.

